Which 1400. yeeres agoe were nail'd,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.

Weſt. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euery valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Vncertane of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Water Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd with the variations of eac
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this
And he hath brought vs ſmooth a
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomf
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two an
Balkt in their owne blood, did ſi
On *Holmedon* plaine: of priſoner
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earl
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*
And is not this an honorable ſpo
A gallant prize? Ha, Couſin, is it

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince t

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt m
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumb*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a
A Sonne, who is the Theame of H
Amongſt a Groue, the very ſtraigh
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion, a
Whil'ſt I by looking on the prayſe
See Ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it coul
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* h
In cradle cloathes our children wh
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantag
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and
But let him from my thoughts: W
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The
Which he in this aduenture hath ſ
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſen
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earl

Weſt. This is his Vnkles teaching,
Malcuolent to you in all aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe,
The creſt of Youth againſt your dig

King. But I haue ſent for him to
And for this cauſe a while we muſt
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7)